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'We regard the 'Northern Messenger' as a first-class publication in all respects, and have taken it for a number of years.'—E. Dawson, Bailleboro, Ont.

The Boy Who Was Ready.

Boys, do you ever realize what that story of the feeding of the multitude means for you? It's a wonderful story and you have heard any number of beautiful sermons and seen beautiful pictures, but did you get your own out of it.

Do you realize that it was one little chap with his lunch who was able to stand by and help when the wise disciples were all worried and flurried and so tired they even forgot to have faith in the Master.' If you never thought it out for yourself do it now.

What is yours that you can help with?

A common ordinary school lesson no more common than the bread and fish lunch. What can you do with it? What may you not do with the knowledge? Not to-day perhaps that little chap had been eating lunch all by himself. Many days before, but his chance came at last and his generous little soul was ready for it.

A jolly, bright, honest smile that comes from a heart with a will to be kind and courteous. Common, too, but how do you know what the Master can do with it, whose heart he will cheer on to great things for many people by just the light of that bit of sunshining good nature.

Clean hands, commonplace enough, but in this case I mean more than the soap washed hands that make mother's face brighten up. I mean what the Bible does when it says, 'He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger.' How great things our Master will do with the help of the clean hands we cannot begin to think. The hands that are resolutely clenched against all friendship with evil, against those who whisper unclean stories and tempt a fellow to do what he knows is wrong. The hands that are always ready to stretch out with a hearty grasp that pulls up the little chap or the easily led one when he is afraid to refuse some one who is chaffing him into wrong-doing. How impossible it is to know just how many thousand it will feed. How do you know who the little chap you helped will be when he grows up, or how far your influence through him will reach when the Master blesses it.

That he still watches and stands ready with his blessing to multiply infinitely we know as surely as we know the story of the little lad's lunch basket, and how he had the wonderful joy of seeing twelve baskets of the bits that men left over after that wonderful meal.

Think it out boys and don't let the Master look in vain for the boy who holds the basket ready.

—From the 'Good Shepherd,' Published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

The Sons of Judah.

The young minister, making his first call in his new parish, found himself one lovely May afternoon upon a corner of the Bakers' tiny front piazza with old 'Uncle Jimmy.' He hardly knew how he came there. Of course he had not expected to find Dan Baker at home in the afternoon, but he had counted upon a call on his wife; and instead, here he was upon a corner of the piazza with Mrs. Baker's father-in-law, old, crippled, Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Jimmy's shrewd, friendly blue eyes studied the young man's face.

'Don't be put out,' he said, cheerfully. 'Dan and Fanny will be all right, come Sunday. But there's a heap of things doing on a farm in May, and they haven't got time to talk religion week-days. You might take it out on me, if you don't mind. I've got all the time there is—sometimes, I most think, too much of it, and I'd take it real kind of ye.'

It was irresistible, even had the minister wanted to resist. He led the old man on to talk of his early life, and the years before the rheumatism conquered him. Uncle Jimmy told of it all freely, his long years of toil, and then the defeated hopes and plans. There was no word of complaint; indeed, his tone was almost impersonal, but at the end of the story he looked up.

'I'd admire to have you read to me before you go,' he said. 'There's a Bible on the table in the fore room.'

The minister went into the 'fore room' and returned with the big family Bible.

'Have you any particular passage in mind?' he asked.

'Yes,' Uncle Jimmy answered, 'I have. For years I've had a hankering for some minister to read one of those long chapters in Chronicles, say, about the sons of Judah and the sons of Levi, and all the rest of them. I wrestled with 'em myself a lot, but some of the names is certainly a mouthful. I've always wanted to hear somebody read 'em off slick.'

'Certainly I will read them,' the minister answered, surprised, 'but isn't there some other passage that you would like besides—something closer to human life?'

The old man turned his wrinkled face to the young one.

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose it does sound queer, but mebbe there ain't anybody can tell right off what will help somebody else most. Now me, when I get real down-hearted, I read over the "Sons of Judahs" lists. I say to

myself, "Now here are all these people nobody knows anything about. They lived their lives and passed away. Mebbe some of them were real prosperous—I suppose they were; but mebbe some were failures, like me. But God remembers them all—every last man of them. Folks forgot them thousands of years ago, but He didn't forget. He knew every one of them by name.'

'I tell you there are times when there's a heap of comfort in those lists. God ain't the changing kind—He says so. So I know that somewhere in His lists old Jimmy Baker's name is put away, safe and sure.'

The young minister's firm hand closed over an old, twisted one.

'Thank you, my friend,' he said.—'Youth's Companion.'

Religious Notes.

A severe storm has destroyed the new mission house at Sibu, Sarawak, Borneo. Rev. J. M. Hoover had worked for about two years, cutting the lumber from the jungle and floating it fifty miles down the river. The building was to have served as home, church and school. The missionary and his family have been enduring life in a poor house. They are surrounded by the head-hunting Dyaks, with equatorial heat, malaria and insects. Yet Mr. Hoover writes that they are 'down but not out.'—'World-Wide Missions.'

On a Sunday a few months since Bishop Tugwell, of Western Equatorial Africa, baptized in the river Kaduna, outside Zaria, the first two converts from Mohammedanism, both of whom had been mallams, i.e., learned men or teachers. It was an impressive service, even to the non-Christians who witnessed it, as the candidates left their number to descend the bank of the stream, and then after immersion in the name of the Triune God and the signing of the Cross on the men's foreheads were welcomed by the Christians on the other side. One of the lookers-on, himself an inquirer, observed, 'I never felt so ill before as I did when I saw my friend cross the stream and leave me behind.' 'Of the sincerity of these two converts,' the Bishop says, 'there can be no question.'

The organ of the British and Foreign Bible Society says: 'It is encouraging to learn that, after long delay, the Society has obtained licenses for two colporteurs in Istria, and one colporteur in Dalmatia. Moreover, we have the promise of a license for Lower Austria—which includes the city of Vienna—where none of our colporteurs have been permitted to work for the last ten years.'

On Christmas Day With the Famine Orphans at Dhar, Central India.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

If any one thinks that because it was a holiday the children would enjoy an extra sleep on Christmas morning, they are very greatly mistaken; they were very early astir, and about half-past four the missionaries were roused from their early morning slumbers by the boys singing Christmas carols in front of the bungalow; the early dawn rang with their fresh, cheery, young voices as they sang 'When shepherds watched their flocks by night,' 'Hark! The herald angels sing,' and other Christmas songs; when they ceased, borne in from the distance came the sweet music of the girl's voices as they sang their carols at the Orphanage; there, they had been very busy, and by about half-past six had finished cooking their Christmas feast, which this time consisted of rice pudding and Indian dough-nuts; the rice cooked in milk and sweetened was enriched by the addition of raisins, cocoanut and spice.

In the forenoon they attended service, and after that the guests arrived, their 'sisters and brothers,' those who look upon the Orphanage as their old home, and who now live in, or near Dhar, three coming all the way from Amkut. These guests were allowed to bring special friends with them to the mid-day meal, but the 'brothers and sisters' only were invited to remain to the later repast. This Christmas will be an especially memorable one, as it was the young Maharajah's wedding day. The ceremony took place at two o'clock, and in the afternoon the marriage procession passed, and all the girls and boys with the matron and teachers were lined up to watch the pageant, which lasted two hours. Then followed the delightful experience of the presents being distributed, books, for which the children have been longing, being a principal feature; then came the evening meal, and as soon as that was over they played and danced to a drum accompaniment played by two of the boys. The boys, big and little, all formed into a ring and with sticks danced to the music, and the girls enjoyed themselves similarly at the other side of the playground, a few of them who are lame taking charge of the little ones. These pleasures continued until after seven o'clock, when all gathered together and sang 'Let us with a gladsome mind,' in Hindi; then Dr. O'Hara gave them a nice talk about all the blessings they had enjoyed during the year, and spoke of those not able to be with them. This was followed by more singing and then prayer, concluding with God save the King.' The guests then returned home, and Dr. O'Hara went to the hospital to speak to some who had measles, and consequently were unable to enjoy the pleasures at the Orphanage.

The Maharajah and his bride returned in the very early morning hours, and the children were all up to see the bridal procession, which was gorgeous and magnificent beyond description, and thus ended a day of wonderful enthusiasm and great happiness to the children who all send salaams to their kind friends in Canada who are doing so much for them.

Results of the Scripture Examination held by the 'All India Sunday School Union' have just come to hand, and we are much pleased to find that 40 of the orphans passed successfully in the different classes. Our special Industrial Fund, for which we hope to raise $3,000, has now reached $1,017.21; so far only carpentry has been attempted amongst the boys, but in that they are doing very well. Particulars about this work carried on by the Victorian India Orphan Society, at Dhar, Central India, can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby St., Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be sent.

Our Labrador Work.

A HEAVY LOAD AND A STRANDED CHURCH.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We were buying 'skin boots' from the best maker of these indispensable articles in Labrador life, a few days ago. These boots are the lightest, most water-tight, and least expensive in the world, and deserve a far greater notoriety than they have obtained. When the settler came off to conclude the bargain I offered him 'Gold or notes?' 'Gold?' he said; 'I never see'd any.' He turned it over, curiously looking at the engravings on both sides. 'I think I'll take 'en,' he said. Some one suggested it as the subject for a picture to accompany 'The Soul's Awakening.'

As we were loaded to the full with sick folk, and our small galley had already reduced us to begging ready-baked bread from friends, to keep pace with their capacity, we ran as far into each night as coasting in these regions permits.

One night found us in a particularly difficult labyrinth, and we were wondering how we should get through, when suddenly an exquisite Aurora illuminated almost the entire sky, showing the low-lying reef as a full moon might do. With my medical colleague I was ashore another night—very thick and rainy—at a large Eskimo settlement, and we were detained till nearly midnight. The plug having been left out of our boat, when we came back she was sunk level with the water. But it being pitch dark we were unable to see this, and my colleague incontinently jumped into it, with somewhat disastrous results. It suggested a practical joke that had not previously occurred to us.

Early on Saturday, still running South, we brought up among a large fleet of schooners. There being no place that we could reach to spend Sunday, we blew down and trimmed the ship—being influenced in our decision to delay two days in one place by the fact that our settler friends had erected a little church we carried here last fall. We had rescued this from a beach near Cape Chidley, where it had been left stranded by a friend who had pushed on to Fort Chimo in Ungava Bay, by dog sleigh. Moreover, we were trying to establish here another co-operative trade effort, which we hope will do for the settlers of the north, what the same movement has already done in Southern Labrador, i.e., render them independent of the truck system, substituting a cash medium of exchange.

While away hunting in the kayak in the evening, it came on to blow hard from our anchorage, and a friendly fishing crew came down to tow me back. They had much to learn of the capacity of the wonderful inventions of the humble Eskimo. For though they had three men rowing in the race home that followed, they were left pegging into the loppy sea hopelessly in the stern—my feather-weight kayak jumping the hurdles like a bird.

We were congratulating ourselves the next day on having negotiated safely a new channel which would shorten the distance to our next port of call, when we were suddenly hailed by a trap boat and asked to double on our track and visit some islands to the north-east where were several very sick folk. This is the kind of call there is no denying, so we rounded on our tracks to find that our importunate friends were far astern—disappearing into a narrow 'tickle' or passage through which we had no mind to follow them. Presuming on the fact that they left us without any note of warning, we steamed out full speed in the direction indicated, when our look-out startled us with a loud cry to haul right in for the rocks and go around two large shoal patches which were suddenly revealed by a gleam of sunlight only a fathom or two from our seaward bow. It is a very strange feeling, standing on deck, unable to stop, yet expecting each second to feel the fatal bump that spells absolute disaster to all one's immediate hopes. But she went over it, or between it—or something—and an hour later we had forgotten it. On the other hand, only a day or two ago a magnificent Gloucester banking schooner lay safely at anchor in one of our harbors with all her cargo already stowed and her infinite capacity 'for work.' Getting under way, something went wrong with her and in a moment she was on a reef to leeward. In a few minutes she had disappeared, and the skipper, who was very nearly lost in her, was congratulating himself on having escaped with a whole skin, all his personal belongings having disappeared with his ship. Yet how seldom have we made one single preparation for such an event, much less are entirely ready—an event which is only looming ahead, a little farther or nearer, of each of our barques on life's ocean.

But there was no time to delay, and having landed our entire cargo of patients we again left for the south, the same day picking up a poor young mother, who left in ignorant hands in her hour of need, has lost her first-born and almost her life, and must now look forward to a long period of invalidism and a subsequent operation as her only hope against a life of prolonged misery.

W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Chesterfield, Ont., 50 cents; Robt. S. Young, Arlington, Mass., $2.50; Mrs. Benjamin Bowness, Montrose, P.E.I., $2.00; Loyal Temperance Legion, Birchton, Que., $1.50.

Total	$ 6.50
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 1,307.51
Total received up to Feb. 4	$ 1,314.01

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1908.

Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.

John vi., 5-14. Memory verses 11, 12. Read John vi., 1-21.

Golden Text.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. Isa. xl., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 24.—John vi., 1-21.
Tuesday, February 25.—Matt xiv., 19-23.
Wednesday, February 26.—Mark vi., 31-52.
Thursday, February 27.—Luke ix., 7-17.
Friday, February 28.—Matt. xv., 29-39.
Saturday, February 29.—Mark viii., 1-10.
Sunday, March 1.—Ex. xvi., 11-21, 31.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember anything about the children that are mentioned in the Bible? There was Samuel who served in God's temple when he was a little boy; Moses who floated in that queer little bed on the great river Nile, and Miriam, his little sister, who was set to watch him; there was little King Joash who was only seven years old when he started to reign; there were the little children who crowded around Jesus when he said 'suffer the children to come unto me,' and the others who ran along the road shouting 'Hosanna' when Jesus rode into Jerusalem. Many more than these do we learn about in the Bible, though we can't stop to even mention them all, for God had a great deal for the children to do at all times in his work. God never thought the children were too young to serve him, and in our lesson to-day we learn about one little boy, we don't know his name, who gave up his dinner to Jesus one day. Did you ever take your lunch to school with you? Well, this little boy took his one day. Perhaps he was going to school, and perhaps he was just going fishing, but he got out his lunch basket and he packed into it five nice little barley bread rolls and two dried fishes, perhaps like the dried herrings that we know of. Anyhow they made the rolls taste nice when one got hungry. Well, he started out and then he found that there were great crowds of people running quickly somewhere, and just like any other little boy you ever knew, he wanted to find out what it all was, so he ran along with them too. Do you know what the people were running for? They wanted to see Jesus.

The story should be of the greatest interest, and as it is given in all four Gospels there is a wealth of detail in this, sometimes lacking with the other miracles.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This lesson has been selected at the instance of the Young People's Missionary Movement as the missionary lesson for the quarter, and surely none could be more appropriate. Christ's compassion for the multitude is as great to-day as ever. His power has provided the full satisfaction for all their needs, but as with the disciples of old he has entrusted its distribution to us. That is one of the glorious facts emphasized in the lesson to-day. As 'workers together with God' (II. Cor. vi., 1) let us make sure that no soul goes hungry because of our neglect. If we cannot take the disciples part of distribution we can, as the little boy of the lesson did, give to the best of our ability for the cause. This is so much the typical example of giving willingly of our best no matter how inadequate it may seem for the demand that it will be familiar in that application to everyone. The people were ready and eager to hear Christ's message, as is proved by the neglect of their physical needs, and as we are definitely told at another time (Mark xii., 37). It is the same to-day. The real 'good news' of God's word is always gladly received by the hearts of a hungry world, whether in the darkness of heathendom or in our more favored lands. The man with a message of hope will always be heard even if at times misunderstood. It is comforting to know that Christ did not expect anyone to always live above their body's needs. To rise above them at times is our blessed privilege, but 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are but dust,' and when warning against a too anxious pursuit of this world's goods Christ assured his disciples that God understood the need that prompted this (Luke xii., 30-32). Mark's account, however, assures us that it was in neglect for his own bodily cry for rest (Mark vi., 31, 34) that Christ took up that day of teaching; the disciples too had but just returned from their months of missionary labor, on their first tour through Galilee (Luke ix., 1-6, 10) and were naturally anxious to talk again with their Master after the long separation; the news also of John the Baptist's death (Mark vi., 29) had just reached the Saviour. In few other instances is the utter unselfishness of our Lord made so evident. The people's need was his first thought.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Consider the mighty works that God has wrought through the hands of man. Think of the great influence of thousands of Sunday Schools scattered over the world. How did that begin? In the efforts of poor printer Robert Raikes to teach the ragged children of Gloucester. Think of the beautiful charity which carries vast multitudes of little ones every summer out of the crowded city into the fresh air of the country. How did that begin? In the attempts of a country minister to bring a score of poor children to spend a few days in the farm-houses of his scanty parish. What can we do? Nothing. What can God do with us? Anything: whatsoever he will.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in His plans. Every man is glad to have God's help; only now and then is a man found whose first thought it how he can help God. What is your chief desire in your morning prayer for the day? Your honest answer to that question may reveal to you your spirit and purpose in life.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The question is not, What can you do? but, What can you and God together do?—Lyman Abbott.

Christ never indulged in emotions which did not lead to work.—Maclaren.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.—Phillips Brooks.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Mark vi., 34-53; Matt. xiv., 15-32; Luke ix., 12-17; I. Sam. xiv., 6; I. Cor. iii., 7, 9; Phil. iv., 19; II. Cor. iii., 5; Matt. vi., 11; Rom. x., 12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 1.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. III. How God leads men. Ps. xxiii. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 24.—The man believed. John iv., 50.

Tuesday, February 25.—Trust in the Lord. Nahum i., 7.

Wednesday, February 26.—Mary believed. Luke i., 45.

Thursday, February 27.—Paul believed. Acts xxvii., 25.

Friday, February 28.—We have believed. I. John iv., 16.

Saturday, February 29.—Believe on the Lord. Acts xvi., 31.

Sunday, March 1.—Topic—The story of the nobleman's son. John iv., 46-53. (Consecration meeting.)

The Child in the Bible.

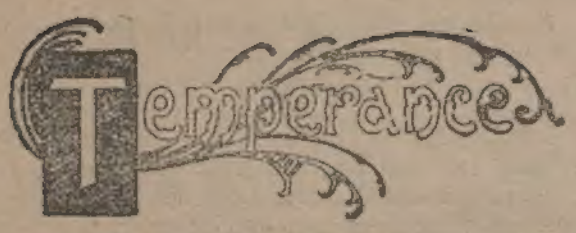
(By Davis W. Clark.)

When Correggio overlaid the dome of Parma with the frescoes which make its common plaster more precious than gold, for every figure of prophet or apostle he gave us a number of happy, cherub-like children. Unconsciously, perhaps, he was copying the Bible. A child's face peers out of almost every page. We see the boy Ishmael fainting near the angel-pointed fountain. Joseph in his iridescent coat, Moses in his wave-rocked cradle, Samuel answering God's call in the mystic shade of the tabernacle, two boys raised to life—one by Elijah, the other by Elisha: the children singing 'Hosanna' on Jesus' approach; the lad with five barley loaves and two fishes; Jesus healing a boy and the daughter of the woman of Tyre, and raising the daughter of Jairus; placing a child in the midst of his disciples. The series closes with the most significant of all—a child in Jesus' arms. We may well marvel at this prominence of childhood in the Bible. They are far from being overlooked. Promises and commands are given to children; rewards are offered. More miracles are worked upon children than upon any other one class of persons. We may well ask, 'Why this prominence?' It cannot be accidental. It must be designed. If we find the child in the Bible, the natural inference is that the Bible is for the child. Putting children in possession of their heritage in the Bible is the legitimate and supreme function of the Sunday-school—a function which it is performing more intelligently and successfully than ever since its first institution. All workers in this department of the Church ought to know their calling, the importance and dignity of it. They should appreciate the honor and seek to make full proof of their ministry. This they are undoubtedly doing as never before.

Teaching by Stereopticon in a Light Room.

It has been demonstrated that the electric arc-light stereopticon can be used to good advantage in the undarkened Sunday-school room, and the superintendent has at his command an aid which will greatly add to the impression made upon the eye and heart. Professor Eugene C. Foster, of the Fortieth Street Methodist Episcopal School of Philadelphia, has shown the feasibility of this in his own work as superintendent. The Professor in speaking of the success of his daylight experiences at the recent Twentieth District Philadelphia Sunday School Convention, said: 'In practice we close but one window, and that is one which would shine directly upon the screen. In some highly colored pictures we find it desirable to bring out the true tints by shutting out direct sunlight. For all ordinary reproductions in black and white we can use the lantern with splendid success whether the sun is shining in the room or not, and even when electric lights are burning in the room if we choose to do so. There are several ways in which this lantern has proved a boon to our Sunday-school. The question of variety in opening exercises has been solved. For a small cost we may have a new opening exercise for every Sunday in the year, if we choose. Such an exercise is written upon the typewriter in black ink, and a sheet is reproduced upon a slide in the ordinary way. We may likewise write and transfer to the slide the words of familiar hymns which we do not find in some of our books. We may reproduce the photographs of famous individuals, or reproductions of masterpieces in art. We may likewise reproduce maps, and throw them upon the screen for use during the lesson study. . . We believe it has been responsible for a very much increased interest and attendance in our school.' —'Sunday School Times.'

If your pupils are getting to be better pupils that is well. But if they are getting to be better boys or girls that is better. It is the development of character which concerns us; not merely the development of mind.—'Push.'



The Outcasts on the City.

(Mary E. Johnson, in the 'Alliance News.')

Two thousand homeless wanderers
In the streets of London each night;
In the midst of her power and her plenty—
What a pitiful, awful sight!

Two thousand wretched creatures,
The lowest of the low,
Sleeping in arches, on benches,
No shelter where they may go!

Or tramping the dreary pavements
The hours of darkness through;
Desperate, and cold, and hungry,
And many half-naked, too.

Oh! England, is this thy glory,
Or thy most crushing shame,
Thou first 'midst earth's great nations
Claiming the Christian name?

In the heart of this rich, free country
Lurks a terrible deadly foe:
'Tis the people's love of drink
That brings the people low!

From friends, from home, from comfort,
It drags each victim down,
Till they drift as human wreckage
Thro' every English town.

And into the mighty city
These beaten creatures have come,
Living in lowest misery;
Starving, desperate, yet dumb.

Yet amongst these wretched wanderers,
Some did their puny best;
But life has been against them,
And want is a cruel test.

There is scanty help or pity
For those who become so poor.
It is only the sturdiest natures
That learn to strive and endure.

Two thousand without a shelter!
And how many more must be
Living in direct privation—
In utter poverty?

Help them, ye fortunate brethren,
These brothers and sisters of thine.
You may hardly realize it,
As in luxury you dine.

But that wretched outcast yonder,
With hunger faint and ill,
Is a son of the Great Father,
And a human being still!

Help them, ye stronger brethren,
Out of these depths of woe;
Help to make England sober—
To conquer her greatest foe.

For if drink could but be banished
For ever from our sight,
Two thousand homeless people
Would not be in London each night

A Drunken Giant.

Russia's net receipts from drink taxes are just about equal to her expenses of government, except the public debt, the Army and Navy. Of £170,000,000 required annually for all these, £75,000,000 or 45 percent comes from drink—the vodka monopoly and the Excise duties. M. Chelysheff, at an Octobrist convention in St. Petersburg made an extraordinary protest against the 'national vice,' of which the 'Standard' gives a lengthy report. 'The peasants,' he said, 'have always realized the dangers of drunkenness. Long ago thousands of villages all over the country began closing the public-houses. But there were persons in power who regarded the welfare of the people as unnecessary, or even dangerous. They pressed a button, and the Holy Synod sent out orders to the parish priests not to preach against intemperance. . . . Then came the State monopoly, with its dispensaries in every settlement, often against the protests of the population. Dispensaries were opened where vodka had never been allowed before; for instance, all along the canals leading from the Neva to the Volga. The State conscientiously supplies forty per-cent of poison. The public-houses used to sell diluted liquor, which was not nearly so harmful or so seductive. The consumption has grown by leaps and bounds since the monopoly was introduced. During forty years the use of alcohol has increased tenfold. . . . If our laws had been made by our worst enemy they could not have been better devised for our undoing. Drink lost the war. A drunken giant cannot fight a sober and agile dwarf.'

Wise Words.

We find in 'La Clairiere' a short paragraph which we thus translate: 'The governments which push the consumption of alcohol, and favor new places for its sale, because of the revenue they bring, are as blind as they are blameworthy. How is it that they do not understand that they dispense more than they receive from these infamous resources in providing asylums for the insane, and prisons for the detention of those who have been made criminals by the poison? From the moral and social point of view the ravages of alcohol are frightful. Only to the extent to which the working classes can be withdrawn from the tavern can the social question be solved. And it is not possible to fight against the evil influences of the tavern except by the practice of Total Abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, and engaging others to do the same.

After Your Boy.

One of the delegates to a State convention of Christian Endeavorers, a young business man, every movement alert and eager, and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate, the latter said:—

'What are you fellows trying to do down at the meetings? You are not temperance, I see. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?

'No,' replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot, with a keen glance, 'we evidently couldn't do much for you, but we are after your boy.'

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone, and said seriously: 'Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day.'—Exchange.

Mr. John Burns on Drinking and Gambling.

Speaking at Burnley recently in connection with the annual prize distribution of the local Technical School and School of Art, Mr. John Burns, after dealing with educational matters, turned to such questions as unemployment, unskilled workmen, and sport. In connection with the latter question, he quoted Professor Marshall as authority for the working classes, and £4,000,000,000 by the the working classes, and £4,000,000000 by the rest of the population in ways which do not add to the real happiness of life. 'If Germany does leave us behind, remember that we have a hundred race meetings in this country and a thousand golf courses. Germany has a dozen of either. What right have we to spend £164,000,000 in drink and £50,000,000 directly and indirectly in betting and gambling? And what right have we to cater too much for the enormous concourses which gather at displays of gladiatorial, professionalised football? Do not mistake me. I am not a melancholy kill-joy. I can walk and I can run, and I have been known to box. I have been taken to the hospital three times for playing football—not for looking on. You say, here is John Burns with a grant of £200,000 a year from the Treasury for the purposes of the unemployed. And you ask me to make a new heaven and a new earth with that £200,000. Why don't you do it yourselves, with the £3,000,000 a week you waste on drinking, betting, and gambling?' Judging from newspaper comments and correspondence, Mr. Burns's words have made a deep and salutary impression.—'Alliance News.'

The Look of a Child.

'I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life,' said the bystander, 'was pointed out to me by my little daughter. I had never been a drinking man; but sometimes after the theatre, I am ashamed to confess, that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and liquor. The habit grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife. I took a bottle of whiskey home one afternoon. After dinner I made for the bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I turned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself; perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling; perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this.'—'Home Herald.'

The Temperance Workers' Hymn.

(Common Metre.)

We look to Thee, O gracious Lord
Our Temperance work to bless,
For Thou wilt surely help afford,
Thou seest our land's distress.

And Thou dost hear the bitter cry
From homes both high and low,
In which the subtle enemy
Has wrought distress and woe.

Alas! for those who reap rich gain
In spreading far and wide.
A traffic fraught with so much pain,
And with such sin allied.

We ask, O Lord, that they may see
This thing as in Thy sight,
And, boldly facing loss for Thee,
May triumph in the right.

And for ourselves we humbly pray
That Thou will lead us on
With Thine own guidance, day by day,
Until our work is done.

—C. Arnfield.

Dr. V. H. Rutherford, M.P., Says:—

Physiologically alcohol has been 'found out.' Up to fifty years ago empiricism stamped it as food and stimulant. Since then science has been quietly at work stripping off these labels and putting on correct conceptions—namely, Poison and Narcotic. Before chloroform was discovered the medical profession availed itself of the deadening influence of alcohol by using it in surgical operations. The difference, therefore, between our knowledge now and then is reduced to one of degree. In large doses alcohol has always been recognized as a narcotic poison like chloroform, ether, morphia, etc., while, in small doses, it was imagined to be food and stimulant. Definitions are disagreeable and often difficult. But under the ordinary acceptation of the word, alcohol cannot be classed as a food.

That is to say, it makes neither beef, bone, nor brain in the human anatomy. What little food there is in beer, wine, or spirits, is not due to alcohol, but to the small amount of malt, sugar, etc., and the large amount of water present. To be practical, we occasionally hear of an invalid living a week on champagne. To be accurate, the patient lived on the sugar and water in the champagne, and not on the alcohol it contained. Men of Aquarium notoriety have been known to live on water for thirty or forty days. Under ordinary circumstances, however, to talk of intoxicating beverages as food is sheer nonsense.—'Everybody's Monthly.'

Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a Christmas tree this year. I got a lot of presents. I have two brothers and three sisters. We skate on the Whitefish River, which flows past our place. We always have lots of fun here in the winter time. We have been living up here eight years next March, and have moved into four houses in that time. We live in a cottage now. We had about eight hundred bushels of potatoes this year and would have had a lot more if the flood hadn't destroyed them.

EVELYN B.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have A. Y. P. S. meetings in connection with the English Church. I think they are very beneficial for the young people. I had a merry Christmas, and I hope all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' enjoyed the same privilege. I got a number of Christmas presents. I guess Santa Claus was pretty good to the little boys and girls. I have a horseback ride twice a day and like it very much. I think it is a good out-door exercise for girls as well as boys. We have a kitten for a pet. Its fur is so white that we call it Snowball.

E. HICKS.

N. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and go to school. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and am able to read the letters my self. I live in the country and have lots of fun sliding down the hills in winter. There is a grove beside our house and the squirrels run about the trees. Last week I saw a large grey squirrel quite near the house. We have a great many birds in the summer time.

ROBERT A. OGILVIE.

P., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl aged six. The school I go to is one mile from our house. I am in the second grade. My mother takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. We live on a farm and I have a horse named Minnie. My sister Annie has a horse named Molly. Our baby Katie is a year old. She can walk and is learning to talk a little.

MARY MACLEOD.

E., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—May I become a leaf of your tree? My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for seven years, and now as she is dropping off, I am going to take her place. Every week I look forward for the 'Messenger'; I would not like to give it up for anything. I go to school every day that I can get there. I take a number of studies, and am in the fifth reader. Are many of the readers fond of reading? I am very. I will close by wishing the editor and all a Happy New Year.

AMELIA E. (age 11).

MY CANARY BIRD.

My sweet little Dickie
Is all over yellow
Excepting his tail and his wings.
His eyes are so bright
Though as dark as the night.
And how very sweetly he sings.

MAGGIE PARSONS (age 12).

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is a town with a population of about two thousand. The I. C. R. runs through here. We live right near the station. There have only been two baggage masters since the road opened up, my grandpa and papa. My grandpa died last March at the age of ninety. I go to the station many times a day, and watch the trains coming in and going out. Christmas times papa is busy with baggage and parcels. I am nine years and in the fourth grade.

CHARLIE C.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy just nine years old. I have four brothers and one little sister, named Ruth. She was very welcome after so many boys. I go to school and am doing very well. I go to Lansdowne School. We have loads of fun jumping in the deep snow off our shed roof in our back yard. I love to read the letters in the 'Messenger.'

COLIN PATERSON.

G. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been intending to write to your paper for some time, but have somehow neglected it, so as my friend Mabel E. is writing, I think I will write too. I live just a little way from the school, so I go every day. I am in my entrance class. I am just learning to skate, and all I can do so far is fall down. I have two brothers and eight sisters. I live on a small farm near Mabel E.'s home, so she is my best friend.

NELLIE M. (age 13).

E. V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live about four miles from the Londonderry iron mines, and nearly a half a mile from a big iron bridge, which is one hundred feet above the Folly River on the I. C. R. I have three sisters and three brothers. Two of my sisters are school teachers. I will close with a riddle: I am a word of three syllables. My first is company, my second shuns company, my third calls company, my whole entertains.

ARNOLD S. (aged 10).

H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school every day and am in the third grade. I have one sister and no brother. Sister and I got lots of presents at Christmas.

R. A. F.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'My Knife.' Oral D. R. Frith (age 11), M., Ont.
2. 'A Lake.' Donald M. Sinclair (age 8), H., N.S.
3. 'Our School-house.' Sterling A. Pollock, L., P. Que.
4. 'Coon, Coon, Coon.' Olive Webster (age 11), C., Ont.
5. 'In the Adirondacks.' Roy McMillan (age 5).
6. 'Some Tulips.' Winnie Reynolds (age 10), A., Ont.
7. 'Lily.' J. S., South Gillis, Ont.
8. 'A Knife.' Percy A. Hart (age 9).
9. 'House.' W. S. S., Oxford Mills, Ont.
10. 'Our Emblem.' Walter Cherrey (age 8), M., Ont.
11. 'The Bison.' Hauldane S. Robertson (age 14), O., Ont.
12. 'An Automobile.' George M. Sinclair (age 12), H., N.S.
13. 'A Dutch Scene.' Mervyn Johnston, M., Man.
14. 'My Mary Ann.' Elleda Young (age 10), G., Ont.
15. 'A Ship.' Lorne C. Frith (age 8), M., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Wilbur Rideout, P., N.B., has nine brothers and two sisters.

Bertha G. Shore lives 'in Ottawa, a very pleasant place.' No doubt about that, Bertha. You did not send any answer to your riddle.

Dorothy Nutter, E.S., P. Que., has 'a beautiful pair of ponies.' Your drawing will certainly find a place soon, Dorothy.

E. R. Parkhouse, C. H., Ont., says 'we are having very stormy weather.' That is pretty general just now, isn't it? You should have sent the answer with your riddle, as we cannot publish them unless we know the answer.

Annie May Albright, B., Ont., certainly should be very happy with such a sunshiny name. 'My Uncle James sends me the 'Messenger,"' she says. Glad you like your present, Annie.

Pearl Hamilton, F. C., Que., asks 'How was Methuselah the oldest man, although he died before his father?'

Allan Field, M., P. Que., answers a riddle that has already been answered, and asks 'Why is a cook like a barber?'

Mabel G., K., Que., answers Lila Acorn's 3rd riddle (February 7)—When he pulls its ears. Mabel has a dog named Prince the same age as herself. Your riddle has been asked before, Mable.

We also received little letters from John McKechnie, D., Ont.; Walter Robert Geddes, D. L., Ont., and Alberta Curran, C. H., P., Que. Any riddles in these have been asked before.

Annie G., St. John, N.B., asks for an address. We do not keep letters after they have been printed Annie, and even if we knew the address it would be against our rule to give it. That was a pretty post-card you sent.

BUSINESS MEN OF THE FUTURE.

The two letters given below, one from the Eastern Townships, Province of Quebec, and one from near the Pacific Coast, are but slight indications of the unceasing stream of mail pouring into our Boy Agents' Department with orders for 'Pictorials' to sell. The boy who is working for a new spring suit has been selling 'Pictorials' steadily for a long time, and he knows what he is talking about when he says they 'sell like hot cakes.' Of course, a lot depends on the boy; but if you are energetic and enthusiastic, your paper will be given a chance to speak for itself, and once given a chance, it will win its way. But here are the letters:

K.——, B.C., Jan. 25.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find $1.80, for which please send me 'Canadian Pictorials' February Number, at cash in advance rate. Wishing you success, I remain,

D. A. WRIGHT.

P.S.—'Pictorials' sell like hot cakes; am making money for a new spring suit.

D.——, P.Q., Feb. 1, 1908.

Dear Sirs,—I would like you to send me twenty 'Canadian Pictorials,' for which I will receive a watch. I sold twenty papers last month, and they sold so fast, and my watch so suitable, that I will sell twenty more. Yours truly,

WILLIE J. CARSON.

P.S.—I want to earn this watch for my brother.—W.J.C.

The February issue (Valentine number) is a very fine one, the cover reproduced from a picture specially printed in oils for the 'Pictorial' by a leading Canadian artist—the whole crowded with fascinating pictures interesting to young and old alike. Send your order AT ONCE for February, if you have not done so already.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Courageous Boy.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
  To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation
  He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
  Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
  A cheer for the boy who says 'No!'

There's many a battle fought daily
  The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
  Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
  Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
  And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
  And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
  And you will o'ercome in the fight.
'The Right' be your battle-cry ever
  In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are heroes,
  Will give you the strength for the strife.

—'Temperance Journal.'

Hazel's Own Way.

(By Arthur Chamberlain, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Where are you going, Hazel?'

'Just down to the gate, mother. Kitty Lauter is coming down the road, and I want to see her.'

'Never mind about Kitty; you haven't finished dusting the parlor, you know.'

Hazel did not listen, however. She was half way to the gate, shrilling out a call that sounded like a small siren whistle let loose.

Kitty stopped.

'That you, Hazel? I'm going berrying; come along.'

'Just a minute; wait till I get a pail.'

'I guess this one'll do,' replied Kitty, hastily. She knew by experience that Hazel's 'minutes' were long ones.

Hazel paused.

'I don't know,' she said, doubtfully. 'I haven't finished dusting the parlor, and maybe mother'd rather——'

'Oh, well, if you're going to talk about it all day——' Kitty started off, but Hazel hurried after her.

'I—I guess I'll go, anyway, Kitty,' she said. 'You're not going very far, are you?'

'Up to Big Pasture; that'll all,' replied Kitty, briefly.

Hazel's face clouded.

'Why, that's ever so far!' she cried. 'We won't get home for dinner.'

Kitty only stepped off faster.

'Oh, well, run along home, if you want to!' she snapped. But Hazel followed after her, vexed with herself, vexed with Kitty, yet too stubborn to admit that she had done wrong in coming at all.

'I don't think the berries are very thick here, Kitty,' remarked Hazel some half an hour later, after they had scrambled through the tangled underbrush to the berry bushes.

'That's just like you, Hazel!' cried Kitty, scornfully. 'You spend all your time travelling around from one place to another, and so you go home with an empty pail. I'm going to pick right here.'

Hazel moved away silently; she did not want to quarrel with Kitty, yet she certainly was not enjoying herself. She went farther and farther, pretending that she was looking for a better berry patch, but she was secretly glad when she lost sight of Kitty, and giving up all thoughts of berries she struck out across the fields for home.

Pushing ahead recklessly she found herself shortly on the edge of a swamp, with a little brook running through it. The mud was over her shoes at once. Turning back she was glad to struggle over to a fence that crossed the swamp, and climbing up on the lowest rail, she wiggled along sidewise. It was warm work, but she had neither time nor patience to go back and try to find a path, so she wormed along only to find the lower rail lacking when she was about half way over, leaving her nothing to do but to crawl along the top rail. It seemed so good to be able at last to get her feet on the ground again that she did not mind particularly a prickly blackberry vine that scratched her hands as she went through it.

'Hello, Hazel!' cried Mrs. Mester, their next door neighbor, as Hazel plodded in at the gate. 'Your ma's gone over to your grandpa's, your Aunt Evelind has just come home, and your ma said that after you'd eaten your dinner in the woodshed you could come over, too.'

Hazel chooked, and made a desperate little rush into the woodshed. There was some bread and a bowl of fresh milk, but Hazel did not touch them. She dropped down on the floor in a heap and cried. She felt very tired and sorry and dreadfully disappointed—and she did want so to see Aunt Evelind! 'Everything and everybody is against me!' she sobbed miserably.

The sound of her own voice surprised her a little, and as she looked once more at the bread and milk that her mother had kindly set out for her she began to feel ashamed. Sitting up straight she swallowed hard. 'No!' she said, firmly. 'That isn't true. I ran away, and I've punished myself; if I don't like it I've nobody to blame but myself, and that won't do any good. I'll eat my dinner and then I'll go over to grandpa's and tell mother I'm sorry, and maybe I can see Aunt Evelind after all.'

The bread and milk were scarcely finished when Hazel heard the rumble of wheels, and a familiar voice calling: 'Hazel!'

She rushed to the door. There was Aunt Evelind and mother in the buggy behind old Dollie, with Kitty squeezed in between them looking very anxious and ashamed. Hazel flew down the path to the gate. Tired! She never gave it a thought! 'Oh, Aunt Evelind!' she cried.

'My dear Hazel!' The tone was kind, but it was a rebuke. Hazel stood still, flushing. 'I ran away; I am sorry,' she said, bravely.

'Oh, Hazel!' cried Kitty. 'You scared me dreadfully! I know I was horrid, though, and I won't ever tease you to come with me again—for my pretending that I didn't care was the worst kind of teasing.'

'I—I'm afraid I didn't care if I did scare you, Kitty,' admitted Hazel, growing redder. 'I guess I was crosser than you, inside.'

'Kitty came to tell us, at all events, Hazel,' said her mother, quietly. 'If she was to blame for teasing you to go with her, you were quite as much to blame for going.' Hazel winked very hard. 'I think you have learned a lesson to-day, though, little daughter, so we will say no more about it.'

'I wonder what makes me do such things,' Hazel said confidentially to her mother just before bedtime. 'I don't mean to do them, and the first thing I know I'm all in a snarl, and I don't know how to get out of it.'

Her mother looked at her kindly. 'You knew this morning that you ought to dust the parlor, didn't you, Hazel?'

'Yes; but I meant to when I went to the gate to see Kitty. Then she asked me to go with her, and I thought it would be only for a little while, and after I began I didn't like to back out, and—oh, dear, there didn't seem to be any place to stop, somehow.'

'Stop before you begin, my dear. Remember, when you are sure of what you ought to do, don't let anyone persuade you to do something else. The other thing may not be wrong in itself, but it will be wrong for you, if it takes you away from your duty. If you let yourself be pulled about by other people, dear, you will be neither happy nor useful. Don't be a bob on somebody's kite; your flight will be short, and there will be always a string to pull you down to earth. God made you free. When you obey Him, and follow Him, you may fly as far and as high as you will. All your flight will only bring you nearer to Himself. That is your own true way.'

Hazel looked up quickly. 'You mean that my own way—my true own way—is His way, always?'

'Yes, dear. It is the "way" of your own true self; the self that is like God.'

'"Like God"!' Hazel drew a long breath.

'Yes.' Her mother's voice was very firm, but very tender. '"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Whom else should you be like, Hazel, unless it is your heavenly Father, God?'

'Oh, mother,' cried Hazel, 'I never thought of it like that! I will remember—indeed, I will remember—that my true will is God's will, and that my true self is like Him! It makes it seem so much easier!' Hazel gave her mother a good night hug and kiss.

My Little Hero.

Earth's bravest and truest heroes
  Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
  Than you or I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
  Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
  Upon God's Honor Roll.

But one of earth's little heroes
  Right proud am I to know,
His name for me is mother;
  My name for him is Joe,
At the thought of a ten-year-old hero
  My friends have often smiled,
But a battle-field's a battle-field
  In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing;
  I saw, but gave no sign,
For I wanted to test the mettle
  In this little knight of mine.
'Of course you must come and help us,
  For we all depend on Joe,'
The boys said; and I waited
  For his answer, Yes or No.

He stood and thought for a moment;
  I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
  Was told in his earnest look.
And then to his merry playmates,
  Out spoke my loyal knight,
'No, boys, I cannot go with you,
  For I know it wouldn't be right.'

I was proud of my little hero,
  And I prayed by his peaceful bed,
As I gave him his bedtime kisses
  And the good-night words were said,
That true to God and his manhood,
  He might stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action
  Because 'it wouldn't be right.'

—'Christian Globe.'

Without Thought.

'Girls, I have brought Mr. Lyman to teach you to-day, since your regular teacher is absent.'

Esther Hill glanced up from the Sunday School paper which she was perusing. Her eyes fell on the superintendent and his companion, a tall man of about thirty. He was an interesting looking man, she mentally decided, but was he quite as interesting as the paper she held? At any rate, she could read a little more while the collection was being taken and the records marked. And she read.

The teacher was beginning. Esther straightened up and resolutely folded the paper. Esther was the pastor's daughter and a reasonably conscientious girl. But one of her chief faults was a fondness for reading, in and out of season.

Would it really do any harm, she wondered, if she should just finish that story? The hero was on a log in the middle of the stream, valiantly endeavoring, before the jam broke, to save a comrade who had ill-treated him. Of course she knew what the ending would be—the rescue, the reconcilation, the eulogy of forgiveness; but a hunger for the printed page had seized her—she wanted to read the rest. She was in the back row; it wouldn't really interrupt.

Cautiously she half unfolded the paper, and

read the rest of the column. Then she opened it still more and turned the page. The teacher called her name. She started, answered his question, listened a moment, and then returned to the story.

From time to time the teacher seemed to be making a special effort. He was really interesting, very interesting. He was much better than her regular teacher. Esther dropped the paper for as much as five minutes at a time. But the charms of reading drew her and she returned to the paper. What a pity that two such interesting things should conflict! But she stifled her conscience with the thought that after all she was disturbing no one but herself; she was only inattentive, not actively disorderly.

The bell rang and the class returned to their seats on the main floor. Esther thought that the teacher looked a little worn and discouraged. Her hospitable inclination urged her to speak an appreciative word, but how could she tell him that he had interested her when she had spent her time in reading. And the story did not seem so very exciting, after all, now that she had finished it. Why had she read it?

Just outside she met her mother. Mrs. Hill had a grave look on her face. 'Esther,' she said, 'I saw you reading in Sunday School.'

'Not all the time, mother,' answered Esther. 'I remember lots of things that Mr. Lyman said. But I just had to finish that story.'

'Esther,' said Mrs. Hill, 'I want to tell you something about Mr. Lyman. It is a somewhat private matter, but I think you will respect my confidence. Until about seven years ago, he was one of the most enthusiastic workers of the Y. M. C. A. in our town. He taught a class regularly, and is known to have personally helped many people. Then he married. His wife was a worldly woman, and her influence proved too strong for him. He gradually ceased Christian work altogether. He became more selfish in his dealings with men. It caused your father great pain to watch the change, for Mr. Lyman was one of his best helpers.

'By the merest chance he came to church to-day. Your father urged him to take a class, and he answered that he didn't think he could do any good, but that he would do it just to fill in the place for this time. We hoped it might mean a return to regular Christian work for him. Do you realize now what influence your reading may have had?'

'Oh, mother,' said Esther, with tears in her eyes, 'you make me feel as if I had a lost soul to account for. If I had only known!'

'That is the pity of it, Esther. You can never tell whom your thoughtlessness will hurt.'

That night Esther prayed long and earnestly that her fault should not hurt Mr. Lyman, and for many Sundays thereafter she watched for him. But he never came again.—Ruth Ridgway, in the 'Advance.'

Little Lan See.

(By Mrs. Helen Hall Farley, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

When little Lan See was three years old, her father, mother, brother and sister were heathen. They had never heard of Christ, so of course they knew nothing of Christmas. They had, however, many gala days—festal days—filled from dawn to darkness with the worship of hideous idols. There was a great deal of noise during these feast days, the main object of which was the worship of heathen gods.

You remember what the angels sang when Christ was born. Well, some one, a good missionary, of course, with 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, and good will to men' in his soul, reached little Lan See's father. He was the instrument in God's hands of lifting the poor heathen's feet up on the Rock Christ Jesus. Then—when the father was there, the rest of the family soon followed, all but one—a boy nearly grown.

The father became a native helper, a brave and faithful one. On Christmas eve, when little Lan See was five years old, there was an entertainment to be given in the church, which was decorated with green branches. Lan See was to take part, and all the rest of the family were going to see her—all but the one brother out of the fold.

Lan See was his dearly loved pet, and when she put her tiny arms around his neck and begged him, with tears in her eyes to 'come and see her,' she was irresistible.

A very strange thing happened that night. The little ones from the kindergarten were going through a motion song. Little Lan See was the most beautiful of the children. Her big brother's admiring eyes followed her every movement. Just as the motion song was over Lan See came forward and recited in Chinese:

'I'm Jesus' little child,
And I love Him,
Oh, how I love Him—love Him.'

She was charming. Her black eyes were glowing, her lips were red as coral, and her shimmering silk gown with its gold dots waved like blue and white clouds sprinkled with stars about her. It was over, even its repetition after a prolonged encore, and then, suddenly—out from the large audience—darted a boy, who, leaning over the altar railing, held out his arms for little Lan See. She did not hesitate, but sprang to her loving brother's arms. He held her close, his eyes streaming with tears. Then bearing her aloft, he cried out, with the shout of a victor:

'And I love Him too, dear little Lan See. Oh how I love Him—love Him.'

What One Heroine Did.

In a number of 'Forward' is the story of a wonderful victory. Several years ago a Chinese woman brought a slave girl to the hospital of the Presbyterian mission in Canton. The girl was blind and growing lame, and her owner, fearing that she would become valueless, wanted the missionaries to cure her.

The doctors, after an examination, reported that not only was the blindness incurable, but that it would be necessary to amputate a leg. The owner, on learning this, promptly abandoned her helpless property, leaving the slave upon the hands of the mission.

The amputation was successfully performed, and when the girl was well again the missionaries gave her light work to do about the place. But the poor cripple's troubles were not yet over. She developed leprosy, and, as required by the law, had to be sent to a leper settlemnt.

Blind, a cripple, a leper! Yet there is one more thing to be told of her. During her life at the hospital she had learned of God, and when for the last time she passed through those friendly doors to go to the darkness and horror of the leper settlement, she went a Christian.

In two years that blind cripple had built up a band of Christians in the leper settlement, and other leper villages were sending to ask about the wonderful good news that could bring joy even to outcasts. In five years a church had grown out of her work, and now a hospital is being planned. That poor, crippled, outcast life is to-day a centre of joy and service.

It is the old, old lesson that human hearts are always learning and yet have never wholly learned—that no life is so poor, so miserable, so helpless or hopeless that it may not be transformed by the power of God into a life of gladness and blessing.

Some Boys' Mistakes.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. More than one boy has lessened his chances of success in life by acquiring in boyhood a pert, smart, dashing manner particularly offensive to men of real intelligence and refinement. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty, not only in boyhood, but when their boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.

It is a mistake for a boy to suppose that there is any better or safer place for him than his own home after night-fall. The boy who forms the habit of running the streets at night is sure to fall in with evil companions, for the better class of boys will be in their homes at night. Records of crime prove that many a boy has begun a criminal career by strolling the streets at night. There is no better place for young people than the 'sweet, safe corner of the household fire.'

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real 'royal road to fortune' is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received. Every right-minded boy will want to earn his money and he will ask nothing at the hands of mere fortune. It is true, as Benjamin Franklin once said, that 'industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.'

It is a sad mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sunday School. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sunday School. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything 'on the sly.' The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be 'as honest as the day.' Woe to him if he is not!

It is a serious mistake for a boy to feel that he can get along in life just as well without an education as with one. Of course there are men who have attained a high degree of success in life with but a limited education, but those men will admit that the degree of their success might have been greater had they had the distinct advantage of a good education.—J. L. Harbour, in 'The American Boy.'

Success.

The ordinary man thinks he can get what he wants out of life if he has but the price to pay for it, and to get that price without success. Yet there are others, not a few, who know that success quite as often lies in the relinquishing of wealth as in its accumulation; who find it in the putting aside of fame and power rather than in grasping them. There are many 'ordinary' people, or those whom the world calls such, who have learned that a true manhood or womanhood is the finest success earth has to offer, whatever its surroundings may be.—'N. C. Advocate.'

About Savoir-faire.

We have nothing in English that quite carries out the meaning of the French phrase savoir-faire. To know what to do, how to do it, and when to do it, covers the entire ground of those happy conventions that obtain in good society. Most people are anxious not to transgress any accepted rule of etiquette and consequently they try to discover precisely what is expected of them on a given occasion and to carry it out in their practice. I am not sure but that some people would rather break a lesser moral law than infringe the code of etiquette that obtains in polite society. They would not steal their neighbor's goods or commit murder, but they would not hesitate to engage in unkind criticism of a

neighbor's conduct or to lose their tempers for small cause. Sin, in other words, is less alarming to their thought than awkwardness or clumsiness at a social function.

The rules that make the ease of life in social intercourse are really very simple, are few in number and are founded one and all on convenience, common sense and unselfish kindness. The whole of politeness is summed up in the Scriptural injunction, 'Be courteous.' Whoever lives according to the Christian standard will not fail to be polite. 'To do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly before God,' furnish an ethical basis on which good manners are securely built. A perfect gentleman or a perfect lady is the finest flower of Christian civilization. Such a one has savoir-faire without that solicitude that makes one unhappy and uncertain and nervous when with others.

At the back of social awkwardness is self-consciousness. Could we all become as little children, we should always be at ease. The baby in the mother's arms smiles impartially on every one around and is undaunted by the presence of the stateliest functionary. A peasant's child would hold out little arms in confidence to a king or a queen. The moment we become self-conscious is the moment when we grow diffident and lose the tranquil poise that is dignified and assured.

Savoir-faire is a matter of importance only as it affects convenience and insures the greatest good to the greatest number. Take, for instance, the department of correspondence. Everybody in these days writes letters. The punctilious person receiving a letter answers it promptly. If the letter contain an ivitation to a dinner or a house party or a week's-end visit, politeness demands that the reply shall be sent either by return post or within twenty-four hours. This is in order to set free the sender of the invitation so that she may invite another guest if she wishes to do so. Letters asking information or letters of business equally require prompt replies.

The etiquette of the visiting card puzzles women who are solicitous about leaving cards upon the right people and who do not know just how many cards should be left on certain occasions. Here, too, convenience enters into the case. There is no need to scatter one's visiting card around the town like snowflakes. When calling at a house where you are very intimate and may be informal, it is absurd to leave a card in the absence of your friend unless there is a maid who does not know you and who may forget your name. When the lady of the house herself opens the door, or if the door be opened to a guest by a member of the family, mention the name if necessary, but do not offer a card. A lady making the first call upon a married friend, if herself married, leaves her own visiting card and two of her husband's. But this is not needed after this first call. When one is invited to a reception or a wedding and cannot attend, she fulfills every obligation by sending her visiting card by mail or messenger on the day of the affair. There ought to be an accepted etiquette of the telephone. In the course of things the telephone has become a commonplace bit of furniture and is found in many houses and freely used. Few people, however, have a private wire. A private wire may have on its roll a half-dozen or more households. It therefore becomes essential to good manners that no one unduly monopolizes the telephone for long and intimate friendly conversation. As has already been said, real savoir-faire is founded upon real kindness of heart.—The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Mistaken Idea.

Many people think that a good life must be a sad and gloomy life. They suppose that Christians have no joy. They have to deny themselves many pleasures; they have to live strictly and soberly; they have to keep the Sabbath and follow conscience. Life must be dreary and joyless to Christians. So the people talk who boast of being free from the restraints of the Bible. But, as a matter of fact, the happiest people in this world are those who are keeping God's commandments. Who ever heard of sin 'rejoicing the heart?' Disobedience never made any one happy, but obedience always gives peace. There are fresh water springs in the sea that continually pour out sweet water beneath all the brackish tides. So in the obedient heart, under all self-denials, there is a spring of joy ever flowing. It is the peace of God which nothing can disturb, a holy fountain whose flow nothing can ever check.—J. R. Miller.

Tho Adder and the Frog.

(J. F. C., in the 'Chatterbox.')

On a hot July day, writes a German naturalist, when the mid-day sun was pouring his scorching rays down on the trees and meadows which skirted an almost dried-up brook, I had comfortably stretched myself under an old tree, with a mossy bank for my pillow: the glare and heat were not very favorable to the continuance of my studies. I had just finished my frugal dinner which I had brought with me, when I suddenly heard a cry different from any I had ever heard before; it seemed to proceed from some place close to me. It was like a little child's shriek of pain—a long, piteous wail. I knew that no child was near, for I had just before been

all through the part whence the cry proceeded, looking carefully for wild strawberries. In an instant I was on the spot. A singular spectacle was then disclosed to my astonished eyes. When I was a boy I used to take great delight in a picture of a combat between a huge serpent and a lion, the latter being delivered from the coils of his deadly foe by a valiant knight. The story was, of course, all a fable; but I was very fond of it, and here I beheld the repetition of my boyish dream, on a small scale. The part of the lion was being played by a fat, brown frog, and that of the serpent by a common striped adder. Naturalists rightly assert that these reptiles possess little intelligence. The frog was too large for the snake. Instead of attacking him at the head, and thus making short work with him, the adder had already got his right hind leg in her mouth, the left, which in its quivering struggles seemed to be keeping time to the wails of its owner, was perfectly free. The snake, too, did not seem to be very delicate in her palate, for the right leg might be observed working about with all its strength in her widely-opened throat. But screams and struggles were of no avail. The swallowing process was slowly but surely taking its regular course. Master Frog had been forced to make the journey backwards as far as his waist into those horrible jaws. The left leg was now swallowed up to the knee, the right had advanced some distance in the adder's body; one could plainly perceive the movements of the knee and foot. But now the gallant knight appeared. With my walking-stick I made Mrs. Snake know that I was present at her intended meal; and Master Frog was let out again much quicker than he had been drawn in; with great exertions on her part to get rid of him, only in order that her flight might be more rapid. The desire of both parties was how to separate as quickly as possible. Master Frogg was free. After he had rolled head over heels a couple of times—whether out of joy I will not venture to assert—he proceeded with rapid jumps out into the wide world. Of gratitude the wretched, niggardly mind of a frog has no idea, alas! How differently had the lion in the story acted. He had run after his deliverer like a dog, and when he was not able to enter the ship in which the knight was embarking for his home, the noble creature threw himself into the sea.

The frog performed this part of the history backwards, and plunged into a dirty pool near the deepest part of the brook. The snake, creeping along as fast as she could go, vanished also in the dark water.

In His Name.

(Janie Screvan Heyward, in the 'Leader.')

In olden days when armoured knight
Rode forth Christ's enemies to fight,
Upon his banner gleamed a cross
With meaning clear—that pain and loss
Were naught to him. His soul's command
To die, or gain the holy land.
Which was his Lord's by right of birth,
Made sacred through His life on earth.

Should we do less who also wear
The cross? Than bravely live to bear
Christ's banner? Striving day by day
To fight His battles, and to say
Perchance it may be just one word,
Which, nestling like some brooding bird
In time may use its wings to fly
Bearing a thought towards the sky.

Look up, not down—Look out, not in,
And lend a hand to lift from sin.
Look forward to attain the goal,
And cast off all which weights the soul
Christ's little children strive to teach,
And practive charity of speech,
To make this world a better place,
And this we will do! By God's grace!

A Birthday Offering.

(By Hope Daring, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I will have to do it; there is no other way. My board is paid for three days, and I have just fifty-five cents. Alone in a city, alone in the world, I dare not refuse the only work offered me, even if it is tending bar in a saloon.'

Martin Bower was talking to himself. It was a Sunday morning early in June. He had gone for a walk and had wandered into a street bordered with fine residences. A block away Martin saw the entrance to a park, and he turned his steps in that direction.

A child whom he met was sobbing aloud, Martin stopped and looked down at her.

She was dimple-faced and chubby and was daintily dressed. Looking confidingly up into Martin's face, she asked:

'Can't you help me find my birthday offering, man? I dropped it. Oh, dear! Oh dear! I can't go to Sunday school without my birthday offering.

A memory of his own childish pride, his sense of responsibility concerning the money paid annually as his birthday offering to the Sabbath school stirred in Martin's heart. He put out one hand, and the child slipped her own into it.

'Dropped it, did you, little maid? We will look for it. How much was there?'

'My name's Baby Bess, 'stead of that other. 'Course it was a nickel, 'cause I'm just five years old to-morrow.'

'How stupid of me not to remember that it takes just a nickel to pay a birthday offering when you are five years old! Where did you drop it?'

'Just back here a little ways.'

The most diligent search failed to locate the missing coin. Tears came again to the little one's eyes.

'Oh, it's dreadful not to pay your birthday offering. How sorry my dear Miss Howard will be! And I told Bernice I was going to bring it to-day. Do you s'pose Jesus will forgive me for losing it?'

'Of course He will; He is always sorry for us when we are in trouble. See here. I will give you a nickel.'

'Oh goodie! You are the bestest man! You always remember your birthday offering, don't you?'

Martin's face flushed. He dropped the coin into the little girl's hand.

'Yes, little girl, I have always remembered it. Run on now, and be sure you don't lose that nickel.'

''Deed I'll be careful. Good-bye,' and she was off down the street, on a run.

Slowly Martin walked on to the park. He entered the gate, and sitting down near a fountain that was throwing its silver spray into the air, fell into a reverie.

Martin had grown up, the sole companion of a widowed mother. By her he had been carefully trained in right living. Her death had occurred a year before, a few weeks after Martin had graduated from the high school. The small annuity upon which they had depended had died with her.

For a year Martin had stayed in his native town, clerking in a store. Then, prompted by youthful ambition and a desire to rise in the world, he had come to the city.

He had tramped the streets, looking for work. Notwithstanding his strictest economy, his little hoard of money had slipped from him. Gradually the youth's heart had failed him. When, at a drug store, he had been told that the next Monday morning he could have work at a saloon, he had neither accepted nor declined the offer, leaving the matter to be decided later.

'Can I do it?' he asked himself as he sat by the fountain. 'Mother would have called it sin. Nay, it is sin, and I have claims to be a Christian. But I must have work.'

The interview with little Bess had wakened memories of his own childhood. Up before him rose the familiar Sunday school room in which he had spent so many pleasant days.

Martin Bower's mother and teachers had done their work 'as unto the Lord.' Upon the mind of the child lasting impressions had been made. In his hour of temptation memories of the ideals he had cherished, the promises he had made to his mother and to God came to him. He cried unto God and there came to him new strength for life's battles, new faith as to the outcome of the struggle.

An hour went by. Then Martin stood up.

'I will not accept that situation,' he said to himself. 'I will live as a Christian should, and God will not forsake me. To think that I came so near falling!'

He walked away with a quick tread. The anxieties of the morrow should be put from him; that was God's day, and he would give it to worship.

That afternoon Martin made his way to a mission church near his boarding house. There he found a session of Sunday School, and was pressed into service as teacher to a class of ragged, dirty, bright-eyed waifs.

When the school was dismissed, one of the men in charge approached Martin with an extended hand.

'My name is Jarvis Long, and I have a book store on South Division street. You are a stranger here?'

Martin replied in the affirmative, giving his name and temporary address. The two conversed for a few minutes. Mr. Long was a man of sixty. He managed, without manifesting any rude curiosity, to learn the story of Martin's sojourn in the city.

'Will you not come next Sunday?' Mr. Long asked. 'We need helpers in the Masters work here. Drop in at the store any time. If you enjoy reading, come in and look over the new books.'

'Thank you. You are very kind. I will be here next Sunday,' and Martin turned away, his heart strangely lightened.

That evening Martin went to church. He walked fifteen blocks to a church where he heard a scholarly and spiritual address. The music was also a treat to him.

On his way to the business part of the town the next morning he called at a bank. His eighteenth birthday would come a week later. Notwithstanding the low state of his finances, he had resolved to send to his home Sunday School a penny for each one of his eighteen years.

'It has been paid each year since I entered the school,' he thought. Mother always remembered it. To let it pass now would seem like forgetting her and doubting God's care over me.'

At the bank he exchanged his only coin for a quarter and twenty-five pennies. Then he went into the post office, and standing at the desk, packed eighteen of the pennies into a small box that he had brought from the boarding house with him. As he stood there, writing a postal to accompany the money, a gentleman approached the desk. In reaching for a pen the newcomer's arm struck Martin's box, which he had not yet wrapped up, and sent it to the floor. The pennies rolled in every direction.

'Why, what have I done? Excuse me,' the man exclaimed. 'It is Mr. Bower. What can you be doing with all these pennies? Let me help you.'

It was Jarvis Long. Martin blushed and made some unintelligible reply to the question regarding the coins. However, before the two had succeeded in gathering up all the pennies, to the amusement of the onlookers, the older man's gracious kindliness had led the younger to tell of the journey upon which he was about to send the little box.

'Glad to hear that you continue to remember your home Sunday School and its teachings,' Mr. Long said, standing by the desk as Martin addressed the box. 'Those habits are safeguards, and a man needs those in this rushing, crowded city.'

They talked pleasantly for a few minutes. Then Mr. Long went to his place of business, leaving Martin to take up his search for work.

Up and down the streets he tramped. Often he received but scant courtesy. He grew weary, but for two days he went on bravely.

Tuesday night Martin returned to his boarding house at a late hour. He was very tired, for he had walked long distances, to save car fare.

'This meal is the last one for which I have paid,' Martin said to himself as he ascended the steps of the boarding house. 'All I can do is to ask Mrs. Green to trust me for a week. If she refuses, what can I do?'

As he was passing through the hall, the landlady looked out from the dining-room to say:

'There is a gentleman waiting to see you, Mr. Bower. He is in the parlor.'

Martin entered the dingy little room. Jarvis Long rose to greet him.

'Mr. Long! This is very kind of you. I am sorry I kept you waiting.'

'That does not matter. Did you find employment?'

'Not yet, sir. Perhaps to-morrow will bring me my success.'

'To-night will, my young friend, if you are willing to accept my offer. I need a clerk and will give you a salary of eight dollars a week for a month. If we suit each other, there will be something better for you.'

'I believe God sent you to me,' Martin said simply, putting his hand in the one Mr. Long extended.

'He did; to be His messenger in my life's work. When I saw how, amid discouragement and threatened want, you remembered your duty to the church and to God, I recognized you as one of the youths whom God means that I shall help.'

Heroes.

One dared to die. In a swift moment's space,
Fell in War's forefront, laughter on his face.
Bronze tells his fame in many a market-place.

Another dared to live. The long years through
Felt his slow heart's blood ooze, like crimson dew,
For Duty's sake, and smiled. And no one knew.

—H. R. Grier, in 'Cosmopolitan.'

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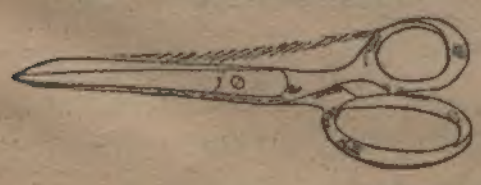

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She never would have thought of it if the grown-up people had not so foolishly flattered her about the way she made her doll's dresses. Her poor little head was turned, and she thought she could do almost anything in the way of dress-making.

'I expect to see you making a dress for your mother next,' one old lady said. Then Margaret felt that she would never be satisfied till this friend's expectations were fulfilled.

'I believe I could, if I only had the chance,' she thought. 'Big people's dresses are just like dolls,' only bigger.'

And then it suddenly occurred to her that just that very minute her mother was out looking for a dress-maker. Upstairs, in the spare-room, a new dress was waiting to be made

'Why, I have the chance to try now!' said Margaret. 'Everybody is out, and what a lovely surprise it would be to have that dress made for mother when she comes in.'

Thereupon this dress-maker, aged nine, flew into the house. In five minutes she had the cloth out, and was cutting adventurously into its soft folds.

'I'll make the waist first,' she thought, 'for most people hate to make waists, and I don't.' And with that the waist was cut after Miss Margaret's only pattern.

With it she had made very successful dresses for the clumsy dolls which were the fashion in those days. Truth compels me to say that when applied to her mother's dress, it looked very different. For the first time a twitter of uncertainty disturbed little Margaret, and she lacked the spirit to begin on the skirt.

She did finish the waist, but it was with a doubtful mind she surveyed even it, as it lay on the bed. The sleeves were sticking out of those two little holes in the pattern as stiffly and straightly as though two wooden arms were inside them. Doubt was resolved into sad certainty, when her mother, being called in to admire it, burst into tears instead.

'Why, mamma!' faltered the poor little dress-maker, 'I thought it would be such a lovely surprise!'

But that proved too much for the mother. Drying her eyes, she at once gave Margaret a surprise. Though not 'lovely,' it was successful.

For a long while afterwards this small person was content to confine her skill to her dolls, and paid no attention whatever to the flatteries of the grown-up people.—Hester Vickery Brown, in the 'Little Ones' Annual.'

Two Princes.

(By Frank Walcott Hutt, in the 'S. S. Times.')

There were two princes, long ago,
Named Prince I Wish and Prince I Will,
Whose great grandchildren, you must know,
Are reigning still.

They ran and played, they drank and ate,
They read in books both old and new;
Indeed, they lived just as their great-
Grandchildren do.

But Prince I Wish would never try
To learn a lesson as he should;
He just would wait, and loudly sigh,
'I wish I could.'

'And Prince I Will would never pause
At any task he might fulfil;
'And so he won his way because
He said 'I will.'

The Pansy Man.

The little sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mamma for a story—'a brand new one, mamma.' So mamma tried to think of a new story, while the little sister kept very still. At last mamma caught sight of a pansy among the flowers

the little sister held, and this is what she told the little sister:

'In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered so that he can see the world.

'But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be.'

The next time you pick a pansy, see if you can find the man and his little foot-tub.—Selected..

'Little Children, Love One Another.'

'A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
'All bound with silver and edged with gold,
'And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
'And every day she prized it more.
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said: 'Little children, love one another.'

She thought it was beautiful in the Book,
'And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
'And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other.

'I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right,
'And thus when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
'And say, "Little children, love one another."'

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought,
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
'And God looked down on that happy mother,
Whose little children loved each other. —Selected.

Clytie.

Clytie was a beautiful fairy who lived in a cave at the bottom of the sea. Her cave was lined with pretty, colored shells, the floor was of sand as white as snow, and her chairs were of stone covered with soft, green moss. A large shell formed her carriage and the goldfish and turtles were her horses.

The fairies wove Clytie dresses of pale green and dainty hats of yellow.

One day she called her goldfish, seated herself in her carriage, and drove away. The water was very warm and Clytie soon fell asleep. By and by she was awakened by the carriage being washed upon the shore. Clytie opened her eyes in wonder. She had never seen the birds, trees, flowers or sun before. She stepped from her carriage and sat upon a rock. Then she saw King Sun in his golden chariot. She thought she had never seen anything so splendid before. She sat there all day until the sun in his golden chariot drove into the west.

Every day after her fastest goldfish carried her to the surface of the water, where she sat and watched King Sun.

One evening when he had sunk down in the west, Clytie found that she could not walk. King Sun watched her, and because she was so beautiful and flower-like, and because she loved the sunbeams so much, he had turned her into a flower, golden-colored like her hat, with leaves and stem of pale green.

This flower turned its face from east to west, following King Sun as he moved slowly across the sky in his golden chariot. Because of this, the flower was called 'sunflower.' And to this day every sunflower keeps its face turned toward the sun.'—'Month by Month.'

The Road to Manville.

(W. S. Whitacre, in the 'Standard.')

The road thro' Babytown is bright,
And strewn with sweetest flowers.
Each turn reveals some new delight,
While vine-encircled bowers
Protect each little traveller
From sun and wind and rain.
'All babies pass e'er pass again.

The road from Babytown leads on
Thro' meads and grassy dells,
And reaches Boyville when the dawn
Of life is past. There dwells
'Along this way the sweetest birds,
And harmonies that thrill,
'And voices from a thousand tongues
From breeze to rippling rill.

The Youthton road leads further up
Among the higher hills,
Where happy travellers dine and sup
On Nature's draught that fills
With high endeavor every soul
That walks in Wisdom's way.
And promises, each eventide,
A brighter evening day.

From Youthton on the way is steep,
And travellers bear a load.
'And some do not their footing keep
Along the Manville road.
But all who take the Manville road,
With Love and Truth to guide,
Will reach their goal, and know its joys
Before life's eventide.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

As a Little Child.

St. Luke xviii., 17.

(F. Burge Grewell, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

'How do you know?'
I asked my child,
Heart untenied,
And little face aglow.
She answered me,
'Why! don't you see,
My papa told me so.'

O days without
One shade of doubt!
O soul of perfect rest!
Who would not lean,
Calm and serene,
Upon our Father's breast?

And answer back,
To souls that lack
Faith's pure and ardent glow
'Why! don't you see
That it must be?
My father told me so.'

Husband Study.

I wish girls could be made to understand how important it is for them to study their husbands, and never stop.

Never hesitate, girls, to speak frankly in a good, friendly way about anything. Discuss everything you are in doubt about, and make him understand that it is the little, wee things that count with women. If he forgets some of his little attentions after you are married, don't keep your grievance to yourself; tell him of it and ask him to try and remember that it is these tiny little things that go to make up your happiness. Tell him in a nice way, and you will find that if you are as considerate of his thoughts and feelings he will gradually get where the little things are never forgotten, and you will find your lives growing closer all the time, and his love for you greater instead of less. I have proved it and I speak from my own happiness, and four years of trying hard to live up to my mother's precepts.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Live With the Young.

To look young, one must be young, must have youth looking blithely out of the eyes and sounding in the voice.

By heredity, every woman is young—once. By environment, if she is wise enough, she may be young a dozen times over. To be young and remain young, live with the young. This is a secret which most women can practise without going out of the front door, for children are in almost every house, and are also proverbially fond of going to other people's houses. The essence of the secret, however, lies where most grown-ups miss it—in being the same age as the children, instead of requiring them to be the same age as oneself. Nothing will bring more color to the cheeks, more light to the eyes, more elasticity to the frame, than being four years old for an hour or two with several others of that dewy age. It more than equals a course of gymnastics and a 'don't worry' exercise. The secret lies there, in getting back to the inner youth, the fresh elasticity of childhood.—'Harper's Bazar.'

When I Come Home.

'Mother, will you be here when I come home?' Every day and twice a day the child asks it, with lifted face and earnest eyes, 'When I come home from school will you be there?'

If the answer is 'Yes,' she dances off happily, and if for any reason the reply must be 'No,' the momentary disappointment is very real.

The first call that rings through the house when the door opens is, 'Where's Mother?' and if she is not immediately in evidence, all over the house go the eager feet, at every door sounds a soft knock and the childish voice asks its insistent question, 'Is Mother there?'

How you miss it when the child is away, or when you yourself are detained. You hurry a little and glance at the clock; you decide that those last errands are unnecessary, and, as often as you possibly can you are there to answer, 'Here, dear,' when the loving little call comes.

I have often thought of the mothers who used to hear it and who hear it no more, whose children are grown, or have entered the Other Home whence they shall go no more out. That is one of the dear, earthly things, deep down as mother-love itself, that I am sure we are going to find again if we must lose it here; someday the ear that wearies with the under-hearing of the heart is going to catch once more the sweet, familiar, 'Where's Mother?'

And for those whose mothers are waiting in the Other Home the coming of their children it will be equally true. The wide spaces of Heaven are not going to be wide enough to delay those who are seeking their mothers.

Out of life's weary school of experience, with lessons learned, tasks ended, we who are grown and who are tired and homesick shall find the answer to the question that runs like a stream in the dark through all our lives, unseen but singing, 'Mother, will you be there when I come home?'—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

School.

Children get their character and future bent primarily from their home environments, but their lives are also largely influenced by the schools they attend, and whether they are good or bad is a matter of vital importance.

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"(Signed) STRATHCONA."

Part of a letter received by the Editor of the 'Canadian Pictorial' from the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada in London.

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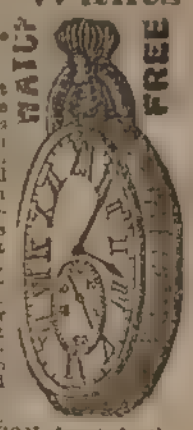

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Lack of Religion in the Home.

It would not be difficult to indicate the causes which have contributed to this most unhappy condition of affairs. Among these might be mentioned the slackness of family discipline, the spirit of the age, the rush and push of modern business life, the multiplied evening engagements inside and outside the church which are offered as substitutes or given as pleas in extenuation; but thoughtful Christian men must admit that neither the pressure of temporal business nor the calls of the church should be allowed to trench upon the parent's duty to his own household. Home should be the most hallowed spot to the Christian, and the bond between parent and child should be zealously guarded. Religion at home is perhaps even more precious than in the church or in the world, and without the recognition of God by the establishing of a common place of supplication the atmosphere of the home cannot be what God designs it should be.

Parents must not forget that the home is the unit of the church. The 'church in the house' under the aegis of the family was the first church. This fact is of very great significance, and teaches us an aspect of truth too often overlooked in our day. If the graces and fruits of the Christian life are found and fostered in the family life, it will be comparatively easy to transfer them to the institution of the church.—Rev. J. D. Lamont.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

When Bobby Wants His Dinner.

(Chas. G. Junkin, in 'Woman's Home Companion.')

When Bobby wants his dinner
Then the orb of day may
Stop!
And all the solar system
Go a-whirling like a
Top!

The ship of state may founder,
Or the ties of friendship
Snap!
The market crash in panic,
But he wouldn't care a
Rap!

The only thing that matters,
That is really worth a
Kick!
When Bobolink is hungry
Then he wants his dinner
Quick!

Table Linen.

(By Caroline French Benton, in the New York 'Observer.')

Table linen is one of the few things which is cheaper to-day than it was a few years ago. One can buy moderately sized dinner cloths for at least two dollars less now than before, and good sized napkins can be bought for four dollars a dozen and smaller ones for a dollar less; and, of course, there are plenty to be had of a coarser weave for smaller sums. Often one can buy a cloth and napkins which match in pattern at a third less than a month ago, because they have become mussed on the counter; these, of course, are just the thing to buy and lay away for best, for though most guests probably are indifferent whether their napkins match the pattern of the cloth before them, the soul of the hostess rejoices in the desirable knowledge.

By way of saving laundry work there is no greater economy than the purchase of plain hemstitched sets of linen doilies for breakfast and luncheon in place of a tablecloth. Anyone who has once used them will never go back to the old way, for one soiled doily can be washed out and ironed while the breakfast or lunch dishes are being washed, or, in fact, a half dozen can be done in the same time. This makes it possible to use a dinner cloth a whole week; if a spot comes on it it should be rubbed out immediately after the meal and the cloth pulled smooth and left on the table to dry over night. If necessary, an iron can be passed over the place. This keeps the cloth spotless and smooth for days, and with only one dinner cloth to wash and iron the work on Mondays is greatly reduced.

But besides the doilies there are squares of linens with hemstitched borders which can be picked up very cheaply just now. These come in several sizes, and good ones, fine and of pretty pattern, can be bought for less than two dollars, while others are lower. These are meant to lie diagonally on the breakfast and lunch or supper table with a piece of Canton flannel underneath to give the necessary softness. If doilies are not used, these small cloths are excellent, for they are easily washed out and ironed, and one can be done up at any time during the week if it becomes soiled.

A great many housekeepers never learn exactly how to so iron linens that a cloth will lie flat on the table and be heavy, polished and smooth; and yet the way of doing them up to obtain this result is simplicity itself. The cloth is to be washed, boiled and slightly blued; then when it has been dried it is to be evenly dampened and rolled up till the time comes for ironing it, when a really hot iron, as heavy as possible, is used and the cloth ironed over and over till it is perfectly dry. This is what gives the weight and polish to it. Too many cloths are briefly ironed over once and put away damp, and the consequence is that they are flabby and lifeless and utterly lacking in that satiny quality which should mark good linen properly done up. Starch should never be put into table linen in even the smallest quantities. If used, the result will be a cloth which rises in little hills at the creases and sinks into unsightly valleys between.

Ironing while damp and until dry makes a cloth stiff enough; it is the half-ironed cloth which does not have body, and then the laundress is told to use 'just a very little starch,' to the utter destruction of the beauty of the linen. All cloths, napkins, centrepieces and doilies must be done in this way, absolutely without starch, but evenly ironed till they are perfectly dry.

In darning fine linen a very small thread is to be used, one of linen embroidery floss, which may be had in skeins; an ordinary thread will not do, nor one which is even as large as the thread of the linen. It must be very fine indeed and, of course, the mending must be done while the cloth is soiled, not when it comes fresh from the laundry.

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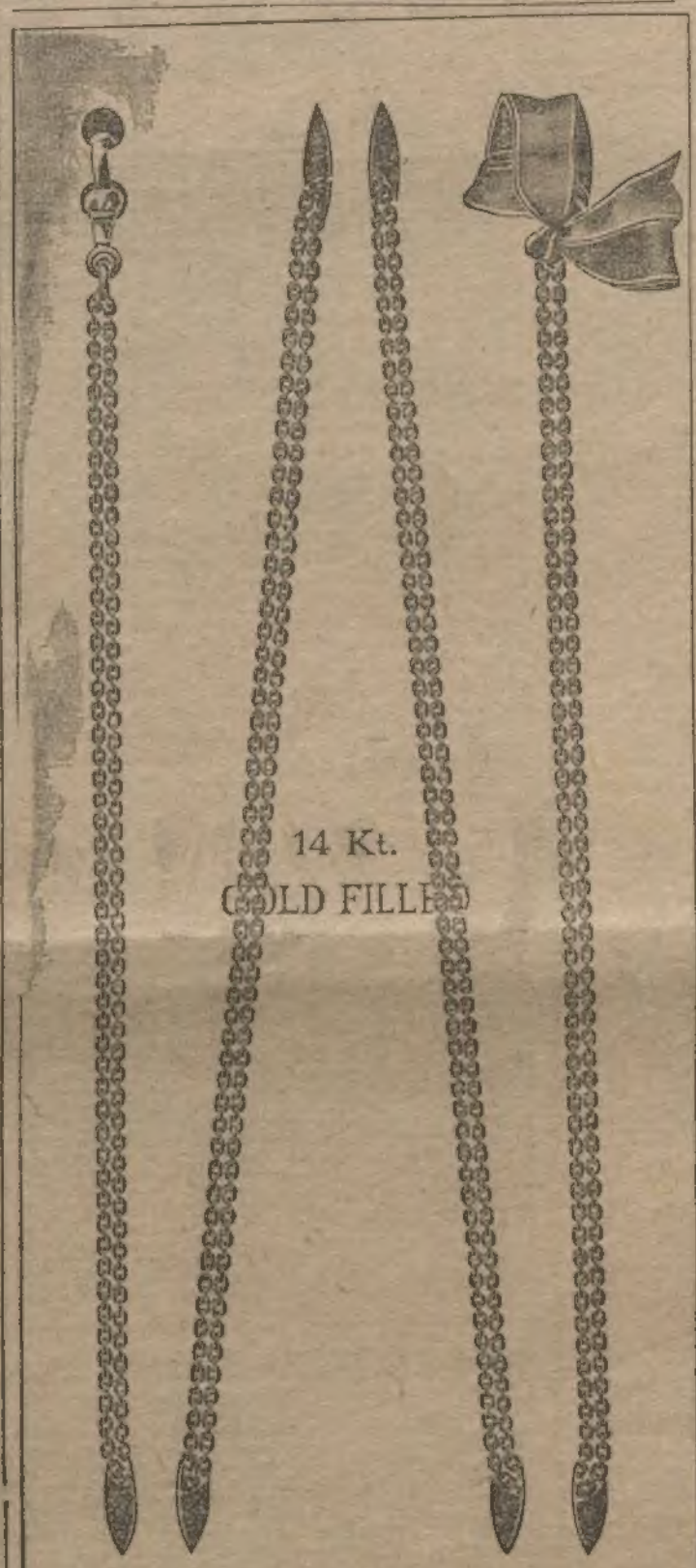

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THREE IN FAMILY CURED

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We owe much to Vita-Ore, my husband, my brother and myself, and in recommending it to our friends and neighbors we try only to repay a small part of the debt. For many years I suffered with a sore back; it hurt me to bend it, to pick up something from the floor; at times the pain would be so bad I could hardly move. Then Sciatica developed and the misery I suffered was indeed something terrible. I tried every medicine and treatment which I thought would do me any good, but got very little benefit. I was almost without hope of relief when I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement and I procured a trial package only as a last resort. It was offered so fairly that I thought there might be some good in it, and I knew I did not have to pay for it if it did not do some good for me. By the time I had used half of the package I felt that at last I had found the right remedy, and I continued with it until I was sure the benefit was lasting. This was three years ago and I am still cured to-day. My husband, who had been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

I was then so impressed with its wonderful powers that I sent a package to my brother in Manitoba, who had been given up as incurable with Rheumatism and Dropsy, and who, also, had a very bad running sore or ulcer on his leg. Before he had taken the entire package I had sent him, the sore was almost entirely healed and his health began to return. He had not been able to work for years, but after using altogether three packages, his health was so remarkably improved that he was able to return to his regular work. His wife writes me: "We cannot say too much in praise of Vitae-Ore; it has made a new man of George."

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that you NEED it and we will send it to you. It is yours to try, for the asking, but you must hold out your hand, SO WE WILL KNOW YOU WANT IT. You must give us the signal and we will do the rest. We have it on hand, thousands and thousands of packages, all ready to go out and bring HAPPINESS to thousands of homes, but we cannot know that YOU need it, we cannot know that you want it, unless you write and GIVE US THE WORD, unless you hold out your hand to show that you are ready to receive it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it FREE at your door, and you need not put up one single penny, but you must hold out your hand and ask for it, so we will know you want it.

IF YOU NEED IT

and do not send for it, you miss a chance to get well, a chance that you have been looking for, a chance you want, a chance to be happy through perfect health. There are no strings tied to our offer. There are no "ifs" and no "buts". There are no questions to answer, no blanks to fill out, no appliances to buy, NOTHING TO SIGN, no references or past history to give. Getting it is as simple as A, B, C. Just a short letter saying you need it and will use it, and it is sent to you, all prepaid.

It must be good, it must DO GOOD, or it could not be sent out in this way. It should be no stranger to you. You have seen it advertised over and over again in this paper, have heard it endorsed by your neighbors, have heard it highly spoken of by your friends, have heard that we send it out on trial, EXACTLY AS WE PROMISE. You must know that IT IS GOOD, that it is sent out freely as advertised, that it does what is claimed for it. Your friends who have had trial packages must tell you all this.

Why don't you send for it today? With this knowledge before you, with this offer in front of you, with the positive evidence on this page imprinted on your brain, how can you ignore, hesitate, delay or refuse? What is your excuse? You are to be the judge and need not pay a penny unless you are benefited. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is, read the evidence on this page and HOLD OUT YOUR HAND.

Our Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just ask you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor and your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS:

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Thousands Of People

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Old Sores, and worn-out, debilitated conditions.

Suffered For Forty Years

MORGAN CITY, LA.—My conscience tells me that I must fulfill my duty towards humanity and Vitae-Ore by telling publicly the great good it has done for me. It has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for about forty years with Stomach and Heart troubles. I have had first one physician and then another but they all failed to cure me. One day I saw the advertisement of Vitae-Ore in a magazine and I sent for a package on thirty days' trial. In less than three days after beginning its use I improved wonderfully. It has been three years now since I was sick. I have taken three packages and must say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life, although I am sixty-seven years of age. I recommend Vitae-Ore to all my friends. MRS. F. CHESSON.

Don't Miss This Chance For A Cure!

If You Don't Feel Right If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments, and start the treatment immediately.

A BLESSING FOR OLD PEOPLE

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age like youth makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its proportion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the ever increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional functional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system. Vitae-Ore serves as an aid in most every disorder incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity in men and women to a ripe old age.

IT AIDS NATURE.

As an aid to nature Vitae-Ore is an ideal creation. It contains substances which, when the body is in ill health are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials it promotes health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. Whenever there exists an abnormal symptom, Vitae-Ore assists nature to remedy the disturbance which causes it. It is a vitalizing tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It acts always in a natural way by assisting nature to properly perform functions which always are properly performed in good health, and thus it helps to establish good health in all parts of the body. A trial proves its power. Send for a Dollar Package on trial. Address as below.

THEO. NOEL CO., Limited, N. M. DEPT., Yonge Street **TORONTO, ONT.**